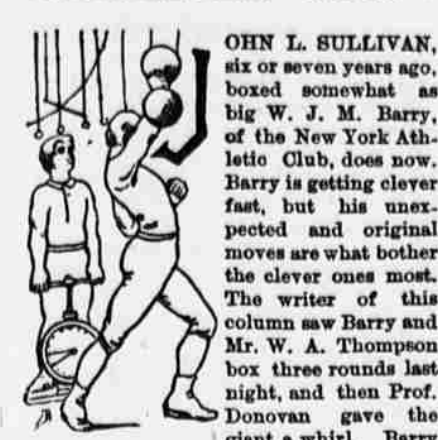


SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

AMATEUR BARRY EMULATING JOHN L. SULLIVAN AS A SPEARER.

Uncertainty as to Where the Olympic Athletic Club Will Make Its Headquarters—Maulin W. Ford Says It Will Never Ask to Be Reinstated as an Amateur—The Manhattan Athletic "Chronicle."



JOHN L. SULLIVAN, six or seven years ago, boxed somewhat as big W. J. M. Barry, of the New York Athletic Club, does now. Barry is getting clever fast, but his unexpected and original moves are what bother the clever ones most. The writer of this column saw Barry and Mr. W. A. Thompson box three rounds last night, and then Prof. Donovan gave the giant a whirl. Barry scales 240 pounds stripped. Mr. Thompson pulled the beam down at 160 pounds. Thompson was shown a new, or rather, a very old way of cross-countering which pugilists consider the very best ideal for a big opponent or for one who rushes too much in the blow shown Mr. Thompson was to dodge the head to the right instead of to the left of the incoming left hand, then step in quickly with the right. The clever man who taught his huge opponent twice in the first round neatly, but in the second round Barry threw his right behind his back as he saw Thompson preparing to catch him again, pulled the little fellow's head around to his left as he passed over his shoulder, hitting him in the stomach and doubling him up in a corner. A shout of laughter, in which Thompson joined, greeted this awkward clip. Thompson kept well away in the third round, and at long range could now and then pop in and get away without the return. When Barry gets to Donovan it's a great go. Mike has to do all he knows and duck his cleverest to escape the sweeping rights and lefts the huge hammer-thrower lets go.

Prof. Bill Clark, the old-time champion boxer, yesterday sent out to Mr. Richard K. Ford of the *Chronicle*, for a dozen of the elegant Jake Kilrain championship colors. The sporting editor of the Evening World was the first sporting writer to be presented with one of these handkerchiefs. The colors consist of a picture of the head and bust of Kilrain, with a suitable inscription beneath, printed in the center of a large silk kerchief. Around the edges of the handkerchief are the red, white and blue of the American flag. In the lower left-hand corner is the arms of Massachusetts, opposite the arms of Maryland, one each with a shield. In the upper corners are the shield of Columbia and the harp of Erin.

William E. Harding writes from London that Pat Shiel, who refused to shake hands with him, but that when he saw him (Harding) being lionized "he came over and done it."

It is uncertain where the Olympic Athletic Club's headquarters next season will be. Up on the Mott Haven Grounds it is rumored. This club has been paying the Manhattan \$100 a month and \$1 a month for each member over 100 for the track privileges of the Eighty-sixth street and Eighth avenue grounds.

The Pastime Athletic Club will have a regular meeting to-night.

W. J. M. Barry, the New York Athletic Club champion weight thrower, is to have a try at Condon's 16-pound hammer throwing record of 106 feet 5 1/2 inches some day next week.

Billy Kelly's idea of the summit of brasserie was reached, he says, by deferring the match with Sullivan till late in the spring: "I want to let him have all the time he wants to get ready, so when I get through with him I can say 'I was it.' Koker fought a tremendous battle with Sam Collyer years ago.

It is said that the Nassau Athletic Club will have no end of trouble in securing the Academy of Music in Brooklyn for the championship boxing competition. It is likely the contests will take place in Saengerbund Hall.

The Manhattan Athletic Club *Chronicle*, is out to-day. It is a handsome printed and admirably arranged periodical, mainly the work of Charles C. Hughes, Dr. E. F. Hoyt, and J. M. Tate. Its pages contain the information that the interest in the club during November has been greater than in any month during the club's existence. An interesting feature is a history of the club from its organization.

TWO PEACHES.

(From the French of Andre Theuriet.)

HAD not been my old school-fellow, Vital Flébelot for twenty-five years, when I met him at a banquet given by the class-mates of the Provincial College, where we had studied together.

I was very much surprised to find Flébelot quite different from what I had imagined he would be. When I had seen him last he was a thin, pale-faced, shy young fellow, always scrupulously well-dressed and correct; in short, the perfect type of a good young man, who is sure to make his way in the Government department in which he had been placed by his family.

The man whom I had now before me was a tall, muscular fellow, with broad shoulders, a florid complexion and loud voice, who did not seem to care two straws for public opinion, and who certainly had nothing in common with the ordinary stereotyped French official.

"Well, what has become of you during these long years?" I inquired. "Are you still in Government service?" "No," he replied. "I am now simply a farmer. I have a rather handsome property at a short distance from here, at Chauteraine, where I reap very good corn and produce a fairly good wine, which you must come and taste very soon."

"Indeed!" said I. "You who are the son, grandson and great-grandson of Government officials! You who were always cited as the model clerk of your department and to whom a great future was predicted in that line! Why you have become a regular apostate."

"Yes, I have, and very delighted I am to have done it."

"How did it happen?"

"My dear boy," answered he laughing, "great affairs have sometimes small causes."

"I resigned on account of two peaches."

"No more and no less. If you will walk with me as far as Chauteraine, when we leave here, I will tell you the whole story."

As soon as we had finished our coffee and liqueur we left the banquet hall, and as we walked along by the river, smoking our cigars, my friend Vital told his story in the following words:

"You know that I was brought up among bureaucrats. My fathers saw nothing beyond a desk and a pen in a Government office. So as soon as I had successfully passed my examinations I was placed as an attaché in the department to which my father belonged. I had at that time decided, as tastes are likable, and I accepted this position with great docility and obedience to my father's wishes. I was a quiet, hard-working youngster, and having been imbued from infancy with great respect for Government service, I soon won the esteem and approval of all my chiefs."

"When I reached the age of twenty-five years, the chief of my department, who was my model, wished me to become his private secretary, and every one began to say that I would surely soon attain high rank in the service."

"It was at about that time that I married a very pretty girl, of good family and standing, but who unfortunately had no money. This was a great mistake in the eyes of all my fellow employees and chiefs. You know how narrow-minded and far from disinterested the French middle classes are. With them marriage is generally looked upon as a matter of business, and it is proved, I think, by the fact that if the husband has money enough for breakfast, the wife must possess in her own right enough for dinner, is a favorite axiom in the provinces."

"Well, my wife and I between us both had scarcely enough wealth for supper, let alone breakfast and dinner, and therefore every body began to clamor loudly against the improvidence and lack of common sense that I had displayed in uniting myself to her."

"However, as my wife was remarkably pretty, well brought up and sweet-tempered, we were soon forgiven by my friends and acquaintances, and local society ended by receiving us with open arms."

"The chief of my department was a very wealthy man, and as he liked to have always at his disposal a clerk who was not only intelligent but also a good conversationalist, he frequently gave big receptions, dinners and balls, to which he invited all the notables and high functionaries of the town. He was very much pleased if any of his subordinates never refused his invitations, and they were, so to speak, commanded to attend his entertainments and to amuse themselves at his hospitable board."

"We had been married a year and my dear little wife was about to become a mother, when my chief sent out invitations for a large ball. I should have greatly preferred to be

allowed to stay quietly at home, with the little woman, but my chief would not hear of such a thing, and I was forced to bow to his wishes and to promise to appear for at least a few hours at the ball."

"While my wife was arranging my white tie, and helping me to dress on that memorable evening, she kept on talking with great enthusiasm of the fête at which she was to have the pleasure of being present, poor little soul!"

"It will be very fine," said she, with tremulous lips. "Please look at everything, so as to be able to tell about it when you come home. I want to know the names of the ladies who are present, how they were dressed, and above all you must bring me the menu of the supper."

"I have heard that it is to be a very grand affair. Everything has been ordered from Paris, lots of flowers, game, bonbons, and even peaches at five francs apiece! Oh, those peaches! Ever since I heard of them I try to bring me one of those peaches! It will make me so happy!"

"I did all I could to dissuade her from so extraordinary a request. I told her how difficult it is for a man in evening dress to pocket a thing of this kind. I went so far as to tell her that if I was caught in the act of taking a peach, it would be as much as my place was worth. However, she would listen to nothing that I could say."

"On the contrary, nothing is easier, darling," she implored. "Nobody will notice it."

"Now you take one of the peaches when you are leaving the table, as if it were for you, and then put it in your pocket. Don't shrug your shoulders. I have such an intense longing for one. Give me your word of honor that you will do this for your poor little wife, who has to remain quite alone at home, whilst you are amusing yourself!"

"How could I refuse my little wife anything she wished for, and that was any more than I could do. I had to give in."

"When I saw her great blue eyes glistening with childish tears, and felt her little white hands clasping my arm imploringly, I kissed her tenderly, and promised her to do my best. Her last words kept ringing in my ears during the whole evening. 'Remember that you promised to bring me a peach.'"

"It was indeed a beautiful ball. There were flowers, lovely music, and elegantly dressed women, glittering uniforms, sparkling diamonds, costly refreshments, good music and much fun and laughter."

"I had been sure, however, to give brilliancy to this fête, and as I thought of my poor little wife all alone at home my heart grew heavy and I determined to try and bring her home the fruit which she longed for."

"At midnight supper was announced, and all the dancers fled into the dining-room. I timidly glided in, and hardly had I passed the door when I caught sight of the little hot-house peaches sent from Paris. They really were splendid, tastefully arranged in the form of a pyramid, ornamented with white and green leaves, in a large silver basket."

"They were large and luscious, with their velvety skin streaked with dark red. A look was enough to convince you how good and juicy they must be. I could not take my eyes off them, and I could not help thinking of the cry of delight which would greet me at home if I could only bring my wife one of these delicious peaches."

"The more I thought of this the more my desire took the form of a fixed determination, and I was now perfectly resolved to 'bone' one of them."

"But how was this to be done? The servants were keeping good guard round about this expensive and beautiful basket of rare fruit, and I could not get near it without distributing myself to the most important of his guests."

"Every now and then he made a sign to his butler, who, cutting one of the peaches in two, handed it to the designated favored guest on a Sevres fruit plate. I followed each separate plate with my eyes, trembling lest there should remain a single peach for me to take. However, when at length left the table, half a dozen large peaches remained on the green leaves at the bottom of the basket."

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"For a few moments I was left alone near the table. There was not a minute to lose. Glancing slyly round me, as if I was about to be caught, I rapidly seized the first peach which I came laid in my hand, covering them with my handkerchief, and apparently very calm and dignified, although my heart was beating wildly. I left the dining-room, pressing my hat tightly to my breast with my right hand, which I negligently thrust in the opening of my waistcoat, this position giving me the noble appearance of Napoleon on the battle-field of Waterloo."

"My intention was to cross the ballroom without attracting attention; to leave the house quietly and to carry my booty triumphantly home. I had been sure, however, to give brilliancy to this fête, and as I thought of my poor little wife all alone at home my heart grew heavy and I determined to try and bring her home the fruit which she longed for."

"At midnight supper was announced, and all the dancers fled into the dining-room. I timidly glided in, and hardly had I passed the door when I caught sight of the little hot-house peaches sent from Paris. They really were splendid, tastefully arranged in the form of a pyramid, ornamented with white and green leaves, in a large silver basket."

"They were large and luscious, with their velvety skin streaked with dark red. A look was enough to convince you how good and juicy they must be. I could not take my eyes off them, and I could not help thinking of the cry of delight which would greet me at home if I could only bring my wife one of these delicious peaches."

"The more I thought of this the more my desire took the form of a fixed determination, and I was now perfectly resolved to 'bone' one of them."

"But how was this to be done? The servants were keeping good guard round about this expensive and beautiful basket of rare fruit, and I could not get near it without distributing myself to the most important of his guests."

"Every now and then he made a sign to his butler, who, cutting one of the peaches in two, handed it to the designated favored guest on a Sevres fruit plate. I followed each separate plate with my eyes, trembling lest there should remain a single peach for me to take. However, when at length left the table, half a dozen large peaches remained on the green leaves at the bottom of the basket."

"Now was my time. I followed the crowd